585 The presents were tied up in two gaily coloured handkerchiefs. We went into the yard. The ladies joined hands and so did the men, and [533] stood in opposite rows singing alternate verses. The men asked if the bride was ready, and the ladies sang she was a lump of sugar. The youth who was acting as gift-carrier was then sprinkled with holy water by the mistress of the house, and went on his errand. All was over for that day. On Monday, at 9 a.m., we were called to the bridegroom's house. [534] A large party of male relatives and friends was gathered there, with a violin, tambouritza, and concertina. The bridegroom and his two witnesses sat in the yard on chairs. I went to the women's room. The [292 301] display was gorgeous. On full-dress occasions the Scutarene Catholic ladies' dress touches the sublime. The exquisite fineness of the embroidered white silk veils, the skill with which they were draped; the coral and gold stitched "salman" which gleamed through the veil and stood in a peak over the forehead; the long tassels of seed-pearls or filigree gold that hung from the ears; the lavish display on neck and breast of great gold coins, and the great scarlet cloaks made up a scene of real magnificence. Each lady sat, a vast heap, on the floor, her huge purple-black "branaveks" (bloomers) billowing round her and the skirts of her scarlet stiffly embroidered "djuba" spreading like a peacock's tail behind her, with all the solemn dignity of an Eastern [262] idol. Coffee and piles of sweets circulated. An empty chair in the corner awaited the bride. Then an ox-cart creaked down the lane. The oxen were decked with marigolds. They brought the bride's coffer. We went to meet it. The women joined hands and sang a song of greeting, while with difficulty ten men carried the huge painted chest into the women's room. It contained all the bride's clothing; all her husband's underclothing (she has to make him at least two dozen of everything); and all the house-linen (likewise her work). Two of the bridegroom's female relatives now went in a gaily decorated carriage to fetch the bride. The horses' heads were beflagged with the coloured handker- [291] chiefs which play a large part in the life of the people. The ladies took with them a parasol for the bride and the scarlet cloak ("japangi"), which is the gift always of the bridegroom to the bride, and is worn by married women only. The bride was to be conveyed to the cathedral.

The bridegroom then entered the women's room to say farewell. [777] He wept real tears and was dragged away weeping and resisting, the ladies sprinkling him with holy water as he left. After a long wait, punctuated with coffee, sweets, and rakia, a cry arose: "They are coming!" In the carriage were the two female bride-leaders, neither of whom may be the mother. A sister, aunt, or sister-in-law may take [777 842] the duty. Between them sat the bride motionless, rigid, and closely veiled; and opposite sat a little boy whose presence is necessary to

2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
Contemporary Macedonians EF8
Montenegrins EF5

757 278 enough creature near Scutari, was esteemed as very good for consumptive patients.

A [262] The flesh of the common land tortoise was thought of great value for all convalescents. When I came out of hospital Marko had prepared a savoury stew for my supper. I ate heartily. "Thank God!" cried the good old man, "you have eaten 'breshké,' and you will soon be strong and well." He fetched the shell of the large tortoise which had provided my meal.

A [136]

A 164 136 So common are these tortoises that an Albanian proverb says: "There is no mountain without a wolf and no plain without a tortoise."

Diseases.—Intestinal troubles of all kinds are rife in the Balkans, owing to bad food, and in some districts to a morbid appetite for very acid food. Intestinal worms—tape, thread, and round—are very common.

A A preparation of buckthorn is given.

165 853 Infant mortality is excessively high all through the Balkans. If a mother can nurse her child till the flocks are giving milk plentifully it stands a chance; if not, it is fed on parboiled maize-flour and heavy maize-bread. The abdomen swells greatly, and the child often dies;

A 854 754 M cm and, as I have stated, desire to preserve the child from the Evil Eye causes many to be half-suffocated in the cradle. Only the toughest survive, and they are very tough. The Albanians, Montenegrins, and Macedonians, whom I have had charge of as sick or wounded, do not

A 151 suffer from shock, nor are they as sensitive to pain as West Europeans.

Wounds.—The Albanian tribesmen were far cleverer with wounds than with sickness. They had a traditional antiseptic treatment which

A 757 752 was very successful. Old Marash Hutzi of Hoti, who had learnt the art from his grandfather, explained it to me. A wound must never be touched with water; it must be thoroughly washed out with rakia (brandy distilled from grapes). He judged the state of a wound by smelling it carefully. When well washed—when it perforated a limb he poured rakia right through—he dressed it with an ointment he made from white wax, olive oil, pine resin, and a decoction of the bark of green elder twigs. If deep, he plugged it with wool soaked in this ointment. In hot weather the dressings should be changed twice a day; and so long as the wound was foul he washed it daily with rakia. He saved a leg—compound comminuted fracture caused by horse-kick—which the Turkish military surgeon was going to amputate and made a quite usable, though rather shortened, limb of it. The grateful patient gave him thirty francs, the biggest fee the good old

A 757 826 752 man had ever received. He had made his own instruments—some probes, forceps, a small saw made from a barrel hoop, and some knives. From his grandfather's and his own experience he had a fair knowledge of where the main arteries ran, "where it was safe to cut and where

. 2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
Contemporary Macedonians EF8
Montenegrins EF5
Serbs EF6
Yugoslavia EF1

of ending a blood-feud, it was usual to delay baptism for two or three years so as to have children ready in case of need. The child meanwhile was known by a nickname which often stuck to him for life and became a recognized name. Such, it was said, was the origin of such names as Predrag (very dear); Mrko, or Mirko (dark); Mrgud (sulky); Plavo (fair), etc. Some names derive from personal habits: Krivokapitch (son of a crooked cap), an heroic bratstvo of the Tzutzi tribe; Pletikos (plaited hair), indicating an ancestor with a fine pigtail; Delibashovitch and Haydukovitch (son of a brigand leader), etc.

But how far such names were adopted with a view to concealing another name it is at this date impossible to say.

3. The Food Taboo

The pig is, of course, taboo among the Moslems. I never saw an instance of this being broken. On the contrary, careful inquiry was always made about unknown dishes. The Montenegrins, therefore, regard the pig as peculiarly Christian. Roast pig is a special dish both at Easter and Christmas.

Very good it was, too, when stuck with sweet herbs and roasted under an iron cover on the hearth. I remember eating hot sucking-pig, smothered in cream, at one o'clock in the morning to celebrate the dawn of Easter Day at Sophia Petrovna's school at Cetinje, with all the girls and many of the members of the Russian Legation. We had just come from the chapel after crying triumphantly "Christ is risen." All save myself had abstained from flesh and fat many days. And they fell on that pig!

That pre-eminently Orthodox country, Serbia, is pre-eminent also for pigs. In Macedonia, too, a drove of pigs showed a village to be Christian, though my poor guide, a Macedonian Bulgar, did not quite express what he meant when he said sadly: "Ici seulement les cochons sont Chrétiens."

Among the Catholics of Albania and Dalmatia the land tortoise is thought very good eating. It does, in fact, make a very palatable stew and is more meaty than one would think. But the Orthodox regard it with horror. Krsto repeatedly told me that none but a "Latinski" would eat anything so filthy.

Neither Serb nor Albanian will eat frogs, though the ponds swarm with fat ones and the people are hungry.

Catholics, Orthodox, and Moslems all regarded the eating of horse-flesh as most unclean. The report that it was sold as an article of food in Italy caused that country to be called an accursed and unclean place.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

585 if compelled to do so, in order to show how great is her regret at leaving the paternal roof.[1] In fact, her behaviour throughout is intended to typify her reluctance to exchange the single for the married state. Meantime the guests divert themselves with liqueurs, [262 463] coffee, and sweets, and the performances of the professional musicians hired for the occasion.

About ten o'clock a cart arrives from the bridegroom's abode to fetch the bride's baggage, which is [415 531] packed in a large wooden box ornamented with designs of flowers rudely executed. When it starts every one shouts, "*Per heir*" (Good luck!), and among the Christians, several women accompany the cart [788] outside the gate, sprinkling both it and its contents with holy water. A few minutes afterwards, all the male guests invited by the bridegroom's friends set out, preceded by his father, who leads a richly caparisoned horse on which the bride will ride home. As they leave the house the women sing:

[539]

Happy may thy journey be,
Eldest of our family.
Holy sign of cross now make,
To the right thy way then take.
If to us thou bring fair bride,
May the sugar-plums taste sweet,
If a foul one by thy side
That they bitter taste were meet.

585 262 Arrived at their destination, the party range themselves around the courtyard, where glasses of cognac and water, and sweets and sugar-plums of various kinds

[1] The Mongols of Tibet observe a similar custom. See *Journal of Sarat Chandra Das*, published by the Royal Geographical Society.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

are handed round by men-servants. During this ceremony, which every one endeavours to prolong, the bride, enveloped in a long cloak and covered with a veil, is led downstairs. She walks as slowly as possible, supported on either hand by an attendant as if infirm, and is hidden from all eyes by silken draperies held on either side of her path until she has been seated on her horse.

The procession then starts. The husband's guests walk first, then comes the bride, her horse led by a servant, supported on either side by her brothers, behind her follow the musicians and singers, the rear being brought up by her relatives and friends. Various songs are sung *en route*, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

Our fair bride is on the way,
Like a pink, so fresh and gay.
At the door's our brideling fair,
Like the pink's her perfume rare.
In the courtyard is the bride,
She's a rose that's open'd wide.
On the stair the bride see now,
White as jasmine is her brow.
Now she comes within the room,
Her neck is like the lily's bloom.
"Bride of mine, now cease to grieve,
Let not sobs thy bosom heave."
"Bridegroom mine, can I be gay?
I've my father left to-day.
From my home for ever torn,
It is meet that I should mourn."

The bride, on leaving the door of her childhood's home, and at every street corner she passes, inclines

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

into it, and even the men are frequently heard to sob aloud. As soon as it is filled up, however, a sudden silence prevails, for now the *Kokiete*, the Greek Kólyva (Κόλυβα)[1] is handed round, and it is accounted sinful to mourn whilst eating it. As each person takes a handful of this funeral dish, he says, "May he (or she) be forgiven."

On this and the two following days, the house of mourning is filled with a succession of condoling friends, who bring with them all the food necessary for the family, for no cooking is done in it during this period. Others send presents of wine or spirits, the bearer of which delivers them with the words: "May I have come for your good." On the third day, the wailing at the grave is repeated, and continued in the house of mourning for forty days, being performed either early on the morning of each day, or on Sundays and feast days only, by the women of the house and those who visit them for this purpose.

With members of the Orthodox Church it is customary, as among the Greeks, to exhume the bones at the end of three years. Moslems, however, have a great dislike to disturbing a dead body in any way.

The grief of relatives is, as a rule, less demonstrative for the death of a woman; and for a man well stricken in years, no wailing takes place. In the latter case, the deceased has usually set aside one or more sheep to be sacrificed on his death as an atonement for his sins, the flesh of which serves for the funeral feast. At this feast, the guests drink "to

[1] See description of this funeral dish, vol. I. p. 99.

Analyst's note: Kólyva is made of flour, boiled wheat, pomegranates, raisins, nuts, and spices.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

538 folk-tales, is, however, almost entirely absent from
177 those of the Albanians. Of the so-called religious
773 legends current among the Skipetars, some are of Christian and others of Moslem origin. The following explanation, given by the highlanders, of the
[262] reason for the Moslem's distaste for pork, savours, however, rather of Bektashí scepticism. One day, they say, Mohammed went out in company with a Christian on a thieving expedition. Finding nothing else to lay their hands upon, the pair took possession of a sow, which, having killed, they proceeded to divide by drawing lots. As luck would have it, the head, shoulders, and best parts of the carcase fell to the Christian, while the Prophet received as his portion only the tail and the hams. Discontented with his share of the spoil, Mohammed proclaimed the pig unclean, and forbade his followers to eat thenceforward of its flesh.[1]

538 Some of the sayings proverbially current among
773 the Albanians have their origin in myths, which are for the most part of a religious character. The phrase, "The drop has fallen," used with reference to any one who has died suddenly, with the connected imprecation, "May the drop fall on thee!" are thus explained. While the rebellious angels were falling
[776] from heaven into the abyss, the angel Gabriel called a halt, and every one stopped exactly where he happened to be at that moment. Some had already reached the regions below the earth, others were on the earth itself, while a third section were still in mid-air, where they have remained suspended ever

[1] Compare Hecquard, *La Haute Albanie*, p. 510.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

The following little Tosk song refers to an unsuccessful rising in South Albania about 1835:—

From Corfu they tidings bear,
Tafilbouz is landing here;
On Avlona's shore he lands,
Three detachments he commands.

To the mosque they crowd and shout,
"Hodo, from thy house come out!"
Now may Allah be his shield,
If to them should Hodo yield!

O Hodo, O Sadik, Bekir, and Karafili!
Simon the Liap's brave sons!
'Mid the rattle of the guns,
They have fall'n, unhappy ones!
May the rest be lucky!

The national songs, as well as the folk-tales, of the land of their forefathers are also sacredly cherished by those Albanians who, as before mentioned, for centuries past have been settled in Southern Italy and Sicily. There the exploits of the heroic Scanderbeg are still celebrated, and at their feasts they sing how the hero of Croia

Of hares and capons ate the flesh,
Of partridges the heads ate;

and how

His cups and forks were all of gold,
And of fine silk his napkins.

The women, too, in their Easter dances, relate how, as he went forth to battle, Death met him on the road, and revealed to him the secrets of the Book of Destiny; how he called to him his young son, and bade him tie his horse to a cypress on the seashore, plant his

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

future. Twenty-five centuries had vanished, for me, as though they had never been.

"That lady ora was no doubt betrothed to one of her own people," said a man who had not previously spoken. "Now in my lost country of Ipek—may the Serbs who are murdering her feel our teeth in their throats!—I know a man who was married to an ora."

A woman, barefooted, wearing a skirt of heavy black and white wool, a wide, silver-studded leather belt and a blouse of sheer white, her two thick black braids of hair falling from beneath a crimson headkerchief almost to her knees, came out of the shadows beyond the fire and lowered from her shoulder a beautifully shaped wooden jar of water. She held it braced against her hip, and, stooping, poured a thin stream over our outstretched hands. We laved them, the water sinking into the ashes around the fire, and another woman handed us each a towel of hand-woven red-and-white-plaided linen. Then we sat expectantly, but only a wooden bowl of cheese was set on the floor before us.

It was goat's-milk cheese, rather like the cottage cheese of home, except that it was hard, cut in cubes, and of an acrid, sourish flavor. We each took a piece, nibbled it.

"Oh, Perolli, can't you tell them we're starving? It's almost one o'clock in the morning!" cried Frances, pathetically.

"Be patient," said Perolli. "How many times

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 Mohammedan can eat?" I asked. "They're Roman Catholics, aren't they? Shouldn't we have brought a Mohammedan into their house?"

"Oh, that makes no difference," said Perolli. 798 "One religion or another—all religions are the same in the sight of God. Mohammedan or Catholic, we are all human, we all respect one another. No, our hosts don't mind the trouble; they're only sorry that they have nothing but pork in the house."

"What would happen, Rexh, if you ate pork without knowing it?" said I.

[262] "Nothing, Mrs. Lane. Nothing would happen even if I ate it, knowing I was doing it. But for me it is wrong to eat pork, so I would never do that. For these others," he explained, carefully, looking very serious and very twelve-year-old, "it is not wrong to eat pork. It is not the pork itself that matters, Mrs. Lane. It is doing what is wrong that matters. See"—he sat up, making his points gravely with straight forefinger—"some things are wrong for the Catholics to do; they are right for me. I can have nine wives, but the Catholics can have only one. They can eat pork, but that is wrong for me. There are many things like that. Each must do what he thinks is right. It does not matter what it is. Men think differently. But God knows whether they do what seems right to them. And in the end we all go to the same heaven, if we have been good."

"Good*ness*, Rexh!" I murmured, feebly. I

[77]
[Rexh = Mohammedan -- Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

829 When this occurred, of course both Serbia and Italy would fall on Albania; any trouble in the Balkans was a signal for that.

[262] The chicken being taken away, we were given a bowl of little cakes, light as whipped cream, cooked in brown butter and served with honey. Sadiri Luka said that the only hope of peace in the Balkans was a Balkan federation; nothing less, he said, would persuade the European Powers and Turkey to leave the Balkans alone. It was true that for fifteen centuries the Slavs had been attacking Albania and tearing territory from her; it was true that more than a million Albanians were suffering under Serbian and Greek rule to-day; it was true that Albanians had won the Greek war of independence, and the Young Turk revolution, and their own revolution, only to see their country mutilated by their neighbors and by European diplomacy. But if it were possible for free Albania to live, he believed she would be the leader in a movement for a Balkan federation, and he pointed out that, with frontiers free and military expenses pooled, all the Balkan peoples could develop lands and mines, water power and industries, and in time readjust their boundaries by purchase, which would be cheaper than war.

000 This solution was so logical that I suspected it to be in the realm of pure fantasy, for I have long observed that human affairs and logic have little in common. But we listened with great interest to these opinions of Sadiri Luka, which

7 [At house of Sadiri [192] Luka of Thethis --Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

came strangely from an Albanian mountaineer whose trousers proclaimed in black braiding his descent from a tribe older than history.

The feast continued for a long time; there were bowls of kos, which is sweet milk made solid in texture, but not sour, a joy on the tongue, and there were platters of fluffy rice with gravy and giblets, and many kinds of cheese, and little individual spits of broiled lamb, onions and potatoes, and a cream made of powdered rice, milk, and honey, and breast of chicken baked in sour cream, and crisp cakes of whipped white of egg browned in butter and smothered in beaten raw eggs and sugar—which is strange in words, but unexpectedly good to eat—and many other things which we tasted absent-mindedly. For the setting sun had briefly conquered the clouds, the rain had stopped, and we thought of the trail to Thethis.

It was good to be out in the rain-sweet air, and the waterfalls were music in the evening quiet. Sunshine gleamed on the peaks of snow, blue and purple shadows filled the valleys, and bells of flocks came tinkling down the trails. When we had said farewell to Sadiri Luka and the chiefs of upper Thethis, by the arching glass-clear torrent to which they had accompanied us, we went on light-heartedly, humming to ourselves. And Perolli sang a song of the mountaineers which is more sound than words, being a song of evening with rippling water in it, and sleepy birds, and the bells of the flocks answer-

[At house of Sadiri Luka [193] of Thethis -- Analyst]

7: Amery G-5 (1943-44) 1948 EG1 Albania EG1

574 storied house, where a score of Zogist guerillas were gathered
[342] round the fire. The room was filled with smoke — for the house had no chimney, like many in Albania — and it was several minutes before I could see or breathe in comfort. I sat down, however, by the hearth, where a carpet had been spread, and while the evening meal was made ready had some talk with Petrit. He spoke quite good French, having studied in the French *lycée* at Korcha, where, by a strange irony, Enver Hoja had been his teacher. He was obviously eager for news of the outside world, and the flow of his questions was only restrained by his sense of courtesy as my host. In appearance he was not unlike his father, though of sturdier build and more slothful movements; and I was told that he had already distinguished himself in the previous autumn's fighting. He was possessed besides of a natural authority, and, despite his youth, seemed to command the respect of the wild mountaineers who accompanied him. Some of these spoke a little Italian or Serb, and their discussions that night gave me a first impression of
[521] Zogist public opinion. The Ghegs are not great talkers like the Greeks or Slavs, but I felt, from what they said, that they were rather suspicious of British intentions and far more concerned with preventing the spread of Communism in Albania than with fighting the Germans. Towards one o'clock
• [262] our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the evening meal of soup, boiled mutton and cheese. We ate in silence
[513] and as soon as we had finished I retired to rest on one of the mattresses which the master of the house had spread for us on the floor.

342 Next day, in the afternoon, Petrit accompanied me to the place where Abas Kupi had made his temporary headquarters. It was a grey stone keep, built on a jutting rib of the mountain range and approached by a path so narrow and precipitous that I had to send back my horse and make the last stage of the journey on foot. Abas Kupi came out to meet me, as I turned
[516] into the walled courtyard of the house, and welcomed me with the traditional greeting of "*Tungjatjeta*" — "May your life be prolonged". He led the way up a flight of wooden steps, resting like a ladder against the wall of the house, and took

7: Amery G-5 (1943-44) 1948 EG1 Albania EG1

between the individual mouth and the communal dish. More solid foods, such as meat or rice, were eaten with the fingers, and, since each dish was communal, those who ate slowly went hungry. The midday and evening meals were both known as "*buk*", or bread; for theoretically, and in the poorer houses practically, maize bread was the basic foodstuff, while the other dishes were regarded merely as sauces to make the bread more palatable.

In the course of our journeys we touched life at many angles and experienced extremes of poverty and plenty. Often we were lucky to get even a lump of cheese and maize bread, or a cup of unsweetened milk. At other times, especially in Mati, we were surfeited by a wealthy host on successive dishes of eggs, boiled mutton, roast mutton *pilaf*, and luscious *halvas* and *baklavas* in the Turkish style. As a general rule, however, Albanian fare was lacking in variety and the average meal might be a soup of beans, a dish of boiled mutton, and a bowl of milk or *yoghourt*. The guest of honour usually received the sheep's head — the brain and eyes were considered the greatest delicacies — or sometimes the kidneys and the tail. Fatness was the quality most admired in sheep, though even with hard exercise all of us except Smiley found the enjoyment of lumps of hot boiled fat an acquired taste. Milk was the usual drink at meals, drunk like soup from a communal bowl and served as a last course. Water was also to be had, but only on request, for there was usually only one glass or mug in the house. Before and after meals the host came round with a basin and ewer, and the guests washed their hands — a most necessary proceeding seeing that these were used for eating. In the richer houses the washing water was warmed and home-made soap was also provided. Each man left the table when he had finished eating without waiting for his fellows; and when the chief guests had done there would be a "deuxième service" for the rest of the company, or sometimes two tables might be set at once. The guests had the right — and often used it — to criticise any meanness in their entertainment to their host's face; and he would never sit at table or taste food until the last of the guests had eaten.

285 them, bring them to market along with embroidery. These include not only spinning baskets and hand-carrying baskets, but also large osier panniers used in transport—a man can carry one on his back, a horse, two. I believe that the panniers are made by men.

326 Other containers include copperwork and pottery. The coppersmiths in each town hammer out sheets of metal into round trays, which can be used for baking cheese dishes, pastry, etc., or for tea and coffee service. They also make kettles, water jugs, and washbasins. All of these things are purchased by the mountaineers, who now and then acquire a European chamber-pot to use as soup tureen, and a set of glass tumblers.

323 Three kinds of pottery find their way into the mountaineer's household. In the Catholic tribes, if not elsewhere, the women still make an Iron Age vessel, of simple profile, with handles, without slip, and decorated by incisions. It is hand-modeled, and fired in such a way as to give it a black surface. In the towns, professional male potters make a porous ware on the wheel. This is used for carrying and storing water. Regular modern glazed pottery is imported from Italy, and subsequently sold in the bazaars.

251 Food preservation and storage techniques vary between Catholics and Moslems, owing to their differences in diet. The Catholics preserve much pork by salting and smoking. The men of each household will butcher as many fat pigs as the family needs or can spare, in the fall. They cut the belly fat into flitches and hang it over the fire. An especial delicacy is the *peshk*, or "fish," a long strip of lean back-bacon, smoke-cured, which they cut in slices and fry. Besides these whole pork pieces, they make sausages and cure them in the same [262] way. The Moslems as a rule eat only fresh meat and live on mutton, whereas Catholics eat both mutton and pork.

Both store their cereals and legumes in tubs and bags in the house, and keep maize in special outdoor corncribs, elevated to protect them from rats. Very often a fierce dog will be seen and heard, chained under the crib.

234 Both make butter from their cows' milk, and cheese from that of sheep and goats, although the use of the latter is much more common

000 among the Moslems. Catholics, in country fit

273 for grape-growing, make a potent red wine, which they resinate in Homeric fashion. Catholics in country fit

The Moslems, prohibited by the Koran from wine drinking, content themselves with distilled liquors. In every neighborhood one or more Moslem families will own a copper still, complete with boiler and cooling screw, which someone once bought in Scutari or another town. Neighbors borrow these stills from time to time, as American families borrow each other's ice-cream freezers. Much of the *raki*, or raisin brandy, so produced, is home distilled, but a certain amount is carried up from the towns. Green *mastica*, a vicious local variety of absinthe, is imported only.
276 Both Catholics and Moslems smoke. While a few Moslems own *narghilehs*, most tobacco addicts smoke cigarettes. The economics of cigarette smoking is that as a rule each man grows his own tobacco, and sells what he does not consume. He has to buy cigarette paper, imported from France. He has to have some kind of a lighting device, which usually runs to expense, as previously explained (see p. 13). The social aspect of smoking is that it forms a ready means of polite interaction, for men give each other cigarettes, rolling and licking them for an honored guest.

[262] 252 Since the principal food of all the mountaineers, whatever their religion, is bread, usually a tough, unleavened cornbread which will keep for weeks and grow harder and harder instead of molding, one of their principal needs is some way to grind the grain. Most houses contain mortars and pestles, and many also contain hand querns, of Roman design, which the women operate. It is probable, but not certain, that all of the millstones come from the market, since suitable stone is found in few
402 252 areas. A large part of the grain-milling, however, is done in small, water-driven mills, of which there are many. These mills, homemade except for the stones, are operated by vertical-shaft paddle wheels which are in effect primitive turbines. They save the expenditure of human muscular energy, and much time. In one place in Malsia e Jakovës, I saw another kind of mill, a pounding device which consisted of a trough-shaped log set on a pivot, and equipped with a heavy hammer at one end. Water flowed into this trough until enough had entered the lower end to tip the whole.

[See cut 116 p. 136 --Analyst] -17b

264 least 15, with as many more waiting patiently for second table, and the dishes included a whole roast sheep, which the Major picked apart with his hands and distributed.

463 252 265 Professional cooks are found only in the towns and in new government stations. In Prizren and Scutari, many of these cooks are Turks and their dishes consist mostly of mutton with various kinds of vegetables. Personally I found this cuisine very tasty. They also make a fine *yughurt*. Pastry cooks form another special group, and concentrate on *baklava* and *kadaif*, the two honey desserts familiar to eaters in Greek restaurants in all countries. Although their products may be carried into the mountains, the pastry cooks themselves stay at home.

● 262 The mountaineers obtain almost all of their own food by farming and herding. Hunting provides little or none for most families, and the same is true of fishing. Along the Black Drin, just above Kukës, a few fish are sometimes caught, and welcomed in the kitchen. In Prizren, fresh river fish are sold in the market. But fish is an insignificant element in the Mountain Gheg diet. The same is true of wild vegetable products, shoots, berries, and the 594 like, collected by women. Furthermore each 261 family produces practically all of its own food, except for a little coffee and tea, and a bit of sugar and salt. Most families are too poor to afford these imported luxuries often. The significance of the absolute self-sufficiency of the Ghegs in their food supply is linked with local differences in geology, and must have a profound effect upon differences in physique attendant on diet.

241 [594] Farming is a family affair. The man buys the iron implements which he needs in town, and makes the rest of wood. He breaks the soil with a spade, and ploughs it with oxen. As he ploughs each furrow, his wife walks behind him with a basket of seed, sowing it. Later the women will do the weeding, and the whole family comes out to reap. If the crop is wheat, they cut off each head of grain with a sickle and put the heads in a bag; if maize, they pick the ears and braid the husks for drying. They thresh small grains and beans with flails. When the tobacco leaves are ripe, the men cut them carefully and hang them on their verandas or the sides of their houses to cure.

cure. The Mountain Ghegs also grow much fruit on trees near their houses. The chief species are quinces, pears, and apples. 245

Women have charge of milking the cows and making butter, curds, and cheese. Small boys are usually employed as shepherds, and lead their flocks high on the mountains. In the summertime many Gheg families drive their cattle up to the Alpine meadows on the mountain passes, and keep them there weeks at a time while they make butter and cheese. While on these heights they live in small temporary houses (fig. 8, *c*).[1] The people of Klementi, however, who live in high valleys, drive their flocks to the plain of Scutari every year for winter pasture. [462] 221 233

Animal husbandry furnishes the Ghegs not only with much of their food, but also with a supply of energy, for they use oxen in ploughing, and horses for travel and the transport of goods. In the wintertime they keep their cows and horses indoors, while the pigs, in Catholic regions, have special sties. Late winter and early spring is the season when food is scarce. The corncrib may be empty, and only the seed corn hanging in bunches from the walls will remain untouched. The cows are dry, and the flitches of pork and bacon gone from the ceiling. 231 262

This is the time when the mountain people, their tempers more and more irritable, used to turn to raiding, and while some rustled each other's animals, others came down out of the mountains to steal cattle from the people on the plains. Mirdita raided Zadrima, and Mati raided the low country around Elbasan. This annual hunger was the result of a complete economic occupance of the land, coupled with an excess of births over deaths. Raiding brought in more food, but feuding caused more deaths. Between the two, plus a certain amount of emigration, the balance was reached. 261 628

Transportation in Ghegnia was, in 1929, as poor as anywhere in Europe. There were a certain number of roads over which people could walk, in some places ride animals, and in most, carry goods on animal back. In a few places the trails were too steep for animals, and men had to pack in goods by pannier. The principal road, which will be described later,[2] goes from Scutari and Lesh by way of Vau i Dejës to Puka, then on to Kukes, and across 491

1 [See cat. 116, p. 108.. Analyst
2 [See cat. 116 p 42a- Analyst]

795 Despite its centuries in Ghegnia, Catholicism
182 has failed to change many of the customs of the mountaineers, such as the *fis* system with cross-cousin marriage, trial marriage, the levirate, blood brotherhood, and the swearing of virginity. The reason is of course that the needs which these customs fill have not been eliminated. The Moslem faith permits them and thus has become more popular. Islam is deemed the more fashionable and more civilized religion. The people of the towns, rich men, army officers, and other sophisticates are usually Moslems. Most Catholics are poor. This attitude is of course a hold-over from the period of Turkish domination. Many Albanians admired the Turks. Many spoke Turkish by preference. I recall once riding along a lane in Zadrima with my interpreter, Mr. Frasheri, who reprimanded 2 old harvesters whom we passed for talking Turkish together. Bishop Fan Noli suggests that they may have been Turkish-speaking refugees from the towns of Prizren, Peia, or Podgoritza.

[191]

795 There is a certain dietary difference between
● 262 Catholics and Moslems. The former eat pork,
273 especially in the wintertime. The Moslems curl up their nostrils and gag at the smell of pork, and will not enter a room where it is cooking. In its place they use much mutton fat in their cooking. Catholics drink wine when they can get it; Moslems care for their alcoholic needs with *raki*. These differences are probably of no biological importance, as far as the growth and development of the individual are concerned, but they do serve to intensify the mutual antipathy of the 2 religious groups and inhibit a genetic interchange.

582 In Lura, in a population not exceeding a few
178 hundred individuals, Catholics and Moslems
795 intermarry. In a single household the father may be Catholic, the mother Moslem, and the children will choose their own religions. This is the only place in Ghegnia where this happens. Lura is in process of change from Catholicism to Islam. As the latter gains ground, mixed households are found. The government of Ahmed Zog made much of this isolated situation, urging other Albanians to follow the example of the Lurans in the interests of national unity.

178 Various stages in this process of shifting are
795 found in different tribes and *bairaks*. In Mer-

141 members of the privileged classes are taller
565 than their less-favored fellow citizens. In the
*128 mountains of the Ghegs no stereotyped class system exists. Nevertheless in each tribe a few men hold higher political rank than the others, and a little difference in wealth may be discovered. Wealth and power usually go together. Using the data discussed in chapter 5, on "Politics and Feuding," page 30,[1] I have segregated 66 office-holders, 23 from limestone territory, and 43 from serpentine. The latter group included the entourage of Prince Jon Markajon (fig. 10, *a*), the tribal chief of Mirdita. These men had eaten the best the land had to offer. As table 22 shows, this made no real

TABLE 22: GEOLOGY AND STATURE, OFFICE-HOLDERS.

	LIMESTONE			SERPENTINE		
	No.	MEAN		No.	MEAN	
Total	237	173.04	.34	354	167.22	.22
Office-holders ..	23	174.09	.78	43	167.63	.57

[264] difference in stature. In the mountains a chief eats at a big table, surrounded by his retainers, but any visitor is free to join at the hospitable
● [262] board. The office-holders probably get more meat than the poorer people, but everyone consumes dairy products, bread, and legumes. Everyone also derives all his food from the same geographical source.

CONCLUSION

*128 Although the geological map on which this study is based was of a most general character, it seems to have been accurate enough for the present purpose. The minerals of this region which it shows can be correlated with the body size and robusticity of the inhabitants as populations, and with nothing else which this particular study reveals, other than a partly coincidental east-west trend in head and face form, which will be discussed later. What minerals, if any, are involved in these size variations, how they are assimilated, if they are, and how they affect growth, if they do, are problems beyond the scope of this paper and its author's competence. If this excursion into the nutritional field has any value it lies in the fact that other explanations of regional size differences have been eliminated.

[1] Coon, 1939, p. 267.

1 [see cat. 116, pp. 30b-30c -- Analyst]

2 [see cat. 116, p. 110 -- Analyst]

10: Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EG1 Albania EG1

to keep the structure rigid. When a light roof thatched with straw or more boughs had been nailed on and the inner walls had been plastered with mud, the hut was ready for occupation. Quickly built and costing only the price of the nails, it was often larger and more comfortable than the sitting-room in the adjacent house. A folk-tradition says it was long the handsomest dwelling to which any country Albanian aspired. At lower altitudes in Shpat the huts were flimsier as befitted the milder climate. They were usually made of reeds plastered with cow-dung, which was sufficient to keep out the wind.

Three houses of more splendid type, each containing about forty souls, exist at Dibër—Hysni Dema's at Homesh, Murat Kaloshi's at Kandër, and Cen Elezi's at Sllovë. The owners were rich and most hospitable Moslem notables. As some of the older generation were schooled in Constantinople, they complemented their culture and their position by building establishments of Turkish inspiration, with separate blocks of buildings for the men's apartments (Tk. *selamlik*), stables, granaries, storehouses, kitchens and women's apartments (Tk. *haremlik*). These are all enclosed within a high stone wall with defensive turrets at every weak point, especially near the one and only gateway. The women's apartments are really only a series of bedrooms, one for each married man and his wife and children, and the women, for want of a common sitting-room, sit normally in the kitchen like their poorer sisters. Softer mattresses, richer floor-rugs, and fireplaces in the bedrooms indicate the family's wealth, but European beds, tables and chairs are still barred, partly to avoid rousing envy in more backward neighbours. Cen Elezi's sitting-room was a magnificent oblong, warmed by a log-fire in a huge chimney at the far end from the door and softly lit on both its long sides by a row of short windows at the top of the tall walls; enemies outside had as usual to be prevented from shooting through the outer windows, and the men inside must not be able to look through the inner ones at the women's apartments. In this room a hundred travellers supped and slept every night, going their separate ways at dawn; a chef, working in a kitchen of his own and slaughtering a couple of sheep or an ox per night, provided the unvarying menu of soup, boiled meat, bread and rice pilaff. In their retired kitchen the women catered for themselves and the children, when there was no overflow from the chef's.

10:Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGl Albania EGl

693 of coffee if he were poor, a sheep if he were rich. Farther south, the fee varied with the elder's importance and the bargain he made beforehand. In Martanesh it was ordinarily one Turkish pound, but Selim Peshku accepted this only in easy cases; he asked, and was gladly given, three or even five in more complicated cases. Cen Elezi of Dibër asked in 1938 twelve napoleons from each of two cousins who were quarrelling about a boundary. Two elders employed in a dispute were usually paid alike, each disputant paying half the total. But when each disputant bargained separately with his elder, one elder might be paid more than the other. Even where fees were conventionally fixed as in Lumë, an elder often bargained for a larger one. An elder who came from a distance was naturally paid more, as he had to spend at least one night and two days away from home. An average fee in Shkrel for such cases was one napoleon, whereas for cases near at hand it was a silver Turkish dollar in Turkish times or 10–20 koronë in 1932. Almost always an elder was given a sheep in addition; 'an elder without a sheep doesn't do', it was said. Elders could not exact prepayment; it was evidently felt by the old law-givers that if prepaid they might be tempted to default on the work. At the same time they had to be protected from the litigant who tried to default on their fee. A litigant had, therefore, to deposit a rifle or a silver watch or a silver tobacco box or the like at the outset of the case as a pledge that he would pay the fee at the end of the case. Judgement pronounced, he paid the fee and was given back his pledge. Because of this arrangement elders were called 'pledge elders' when they undertook work involving a fee.

693 [574] [262] In addition to his fee and sheep an elder also expected at least one meal for himself and his party. It had to be of the highest class, with meat and rice pilaff, and the meat had to be goat, ewe or ram, more rarely beef and never that inferior thing, chicken. When the elder's party was small, the sheep-breeders of the north gave *mazë*, a delicious dish compounded of butter, cheese and maize flour. In Kosovë the meal was generally taken from the richer disputant so as to save the poorer litigant expense, or from the one who had insisted on calling in elders. In Martanesh it was taken from the one who had caused the trouble. In Shalë, on the contrary, each elder ate at his own client's expense except in road cases, where both elders and their suites ate at the expense of the litigant in fault. In Zerqan, if the case dragged on so long that the

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania EG1

Lorries

494 my calculations, and the fare, for a journey of nearly two days' duration, was after all by no means unreasonable.

The Albanian post lorries are of the familiar military type, and I came across no ambulance waggons like those in which I had suffered such discomfort in Montenegro. There is a good deal of traffic on these roads, not only by post lorries but by other lorries, which also belong to the State. A more or less regular service plies between Santi Quaranta and Koritza, the most important town in Northern Albania, with freight, passengers, and live-stock. I often noticed passengers sitting amongst sheep, lambs, and goats with every appearance of contentment. They did not seem at all incommoded. But in the post lorries, fortunately for me, livestock were not carried.

361 Tepeleni, our first stopping place, was destroyed by an earthquake some years ago and it has never yet been properly rebuilt. At the present time it consists of an irregular 265 street of shanties made of lath and tarred paper. As soon as we arrived the lorry-conductor took me to a restaurant—a [262] lop-sided wooden shack with an earthen floor—where two yokels sat eating maize-bread and yaghourt, and a third man, more opulent, was devouring fried fish with his fingers. [524] Coffee was called for and, despite my protests, paid for by the conductor—little courtesies such as this being the commonplaces of travel in benighted and uncivilised Albania.

505 Beyond Tepeleni a river barred our way. There was a bridge, but it was in ruins like the rest of the village, and the crossing had to be made by a ferry. The roadway on

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania EG1

In the Restaurant

"Good! Good! Dobro! Good!" Then he patted me kindly on the back. I could sometimes wish that all critics were as easily pleased.

With the exception of breakfast, which in mid-Albania is either a non-existent meal, or consists of a cup of Turkish coffee and nothing else, I got my food at a little restaurant in the bazaar. Here, as at the inn, my demands were wont to cause astonishment. They could never understand my liking for maize bread, which is despised by them as the food of the poor, and, unless I made a fuss, always provided me with the stodgy imitation of French bread which they considered more suitable for a person of my exalted status. And when I asked for yaghourt, as I frequently did, the cook felt, I think, much as the head waiter of the Carlton would if one of the diners were to send him out for a penn'orth of fish and chips. Otherwise the food was what one usually finds in such places—all kinds of curious odds and ends of meat, partly roasted and partly stewed, oily beans, stuffed cucumbers, pilaf of rice, and sometimes macaroni. Now and then there would be caramel pudding, smothered in honey and much too sweet. The restaurant was open to the street, and, as it consisted of one room only, both cooking and washing-up went on in full view of the diners. The various dishes simmered all day over a slow charcoal fire, and there was no difference between dinner at midday and supper at night. The best drink was bottled beer from Trieste at three krone (1s. 3d.) the bottle, the wine, like all Albanian wine, being poor stuff. I usually found it necessary

[in Elbasan -- Analyst] 245